



SECOND WESSEX





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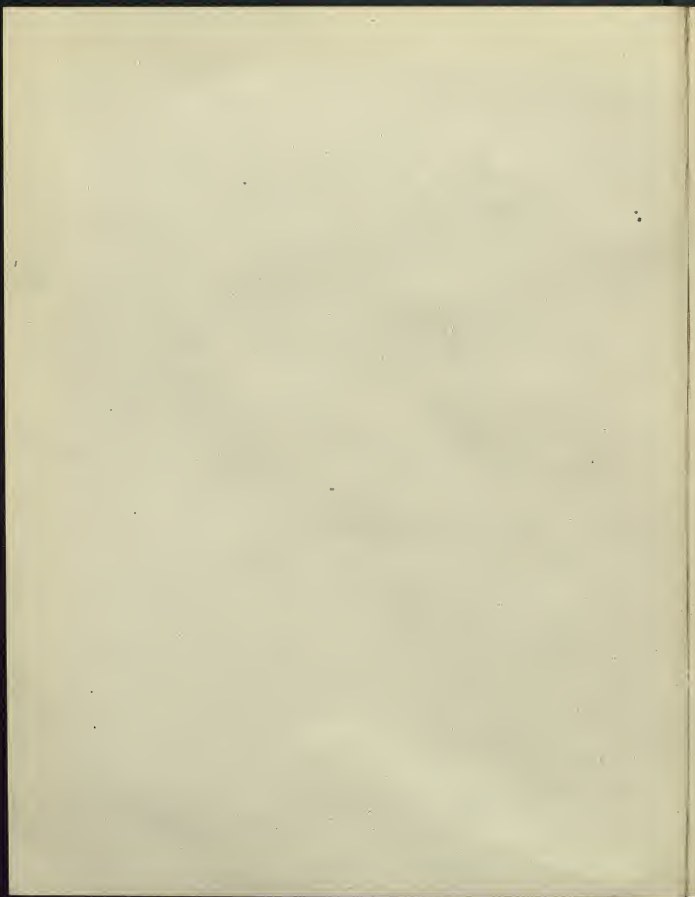
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EDITORIAL

We have often been asked in the past, "What is your conception of a college magazine?" This is perhaps the most difficult question that an Editor of Second Wessex can be asked to answer, since whatever the reply given, the form that the magazine will ultimately take, must depend to a considerable extent on the contributions submitted. As these vary greatly both in type and number, from one issue to the next, it is clearly only possible to answer this question in the most general terms.

The main functions of a college magazine should be, we feel, to encourage original literary work amongst students by the publishing of the best of this, to provide a forum for the discussion of subjects which are of general interest but which are largely outside the range of individual syllabuses, and finally to reflect the life of the college, not by giving accounts of the past activities of societies, but in the more vital expression of individual opinions and ideas.

One of the most immediate criticisms of this issue that we can foresee is the almost complete lack of humorous articles, stories or poems. While a humorous article is far easier to read than a serious one, however, it is often much more difficult to write. It is perhaps for this reason that we have received no humorous contributions to date. Should critics of this issue feel most strongly on this point, therefore, the remedy lies with themselves. Suffice it to say, that, having tried to write something humorous ourselves, and having failed ignominiously in the attempt, all such contributions in future will be most sympathetically handled.

In conclusion, we should like to say a few words about the two main articles in this issue. In the first place we are publishing an article specially written for us by Dr. Wollenberg, an expert on his subject—Films. Throughout this term Dr. Wollenberg has been giving a series of weekly lectures on the Cinema, for the Department of Adult Education in this College. His article will certainly need no recommendation to anyone who has attended these clear and informative lectures or has read his contributions to the Penguin Film Review and other Film Periodicals.

Secondly, on the subject of Education in Germany, we are fortunate in being able to publish an authoritative article by Dr. Lucas, who visited Germany last September to examine problems of Education there. On his return, he gave two most interesting lectures on conditions in Germany at the present time, and we are glad to have this opportunity of gaining more up-to-date knowledge on this particular subject.

To both Dr. Wollenberg and Dr. Lucas the Editorial Staff wishes to express its thanks.

EDUCATION IN GERMANY

By Dr. W. LUCAS, Ph.D.

Germany was at one time the proud possessor of the finest educational system in the world, embodying many features which we are only now introducing, and employing a body of teachers without equal elsewhere for competence and high intellectual attainment. To-day that system is shattered and the whole edifice is having to be reconstructed from its very foundations with inadequate materials and equipment, and insufficient, overworked teachers who are both mentally and physically hungry.

During the *Weimar Republic* it was generally agreed that the new democratic form of government was strongly supported by an overwhelming majority of the elementary school-teachers, by a smaller proportion of the secondary school-teachers, and by only a minority of the university teachers. But long before 1933 it was obvious to even the most casual observer that the doctrines of the Nazis were being increasingly accepted by teachers and taught alike both in the universities and the secondary schools, so that when Hitler took control of the State he found no opposition that mattered in the educational world. It was a betrayal of a sacred trust that has never been fully explained. This submission to National-Socialism was a profound shock to those who value education as a means of developing a sense of responsibility in the individual towards the community, and revealed suddenly that education had been affected by the disintegration at work in society and had been unable to train the young to understand the meaning and purpose of democracy.

The Nazis made no such mistake. They knew the kind of society they wanted and were determined that every child should understand what his function in that new society was to be. They had a sense of purpose which could not be said of the *Weimar Republic*; but that purpose was domination, and society was planned to secure their aim, with education clearly recognised as one of the most important means at their disposal of furthering their ambition to enjoy absolute power with every restriction in its use eliminated as far as possible. Education became an agency for political propaganda of a particular brand; the youth was regimented and, instead of being taught to become self-reliant, to form its own judgements, it was drilled in the Nazi philosophy and taught to obey rather than to think. It always seemed to me that the Nazis tried to prevent children from growing up and becoming responsible adults by keeping them at that gangster phase boys normally pass through. In general, a boy's progress was determined more by his physical attainments in school than by any intellectual achievements or the acquisition of knowledge. We now know that after 1939 every aspect of education that did not further the war tended to be neglected in Germany, with the result that standards were lowered and the children are now ignorant of much they ought to have learnt; what little learning was given was constantly interfered with by the heavy demands made on the pupils' time and energies for war purposes. The teaching profession, too, suffered to a far greater extent than we expected—recruits to the profession were inadequately trained, and the trained teachers were not given the same priority as in this country. Compared with what happened in Germany during the war, we have no reason to complain of the effects of the war on our educational system. We can sum up the Nazi educational system by saying that the youth of Germany was taught that an individual was useless unless he was of value to society, i.e. the *Volk*; that this German society to which he was subordinate was a *Herrenvolk*; that the *Herrenvolk* enjoyed absolute rights not only over German individuals but over all other societies and was entitled to use force to impose these rights, to enslave and even to exterminate other peoples. We can leave out of account just how far the German youth did in fact accept this doctrine except to say that the State with its control of all channels of communication and information made it difficult enough for even the most alert and intelligent person not to succumb to this doctrine. This approach to life is fundamentally opposed to the attitude to man and society that is generally assumed to prevail in Western Europe and the reversal of this Nazi doctrine is the problem we were faced with when we occupied Germany. Our policy, in other words, in the realm of ideas was to do all we could to encourage in every imaginable way a genuine willingness to co-operate with the rest of Europe. This is not easy as Germans often express their desire to co-operate with other nations and are rarely conscious of an innate feeling that they are really the only ones who are capable of taking the lead in Europe by virtue of their geographical position and their superior education and general thoroughness in any task they undertake.

When, however, the British authorities took control in July 1945, our education authorities discovered they had a far more immediate and urgent task: the job of re-organising not the content of education but the very system itself. The schools had to be re-opened, classes formed, and thousands of missing teachers had to be traced and 'screened' before they could return to their schools. Under the Nazis the teaching profession had ceased to attract sufficient recruits to replace the normal wastage and it suffered exceptionally heavy casualties during the war. After the end of hostilities its ranks were still further depleted by the lack of recruits and heavy wastage through malnutrition, illness and retirement among the older teachers. Last September, i.e. at the beginning of the new school year, the number of children of school-age had increased from 2½ million in 1939 to 3½ million (due partly to the influx of refugees from the East and partly to the addition of an extra school-year in some districts); there were in the elementary schools roughly 70 children to one teacher; and the average age of the teachers was 58! This situation is not proving easy to alter since all trained teachers on the staffs of training colleges were unacceptable to our authorities and could not be replaced at once. An attempt to relieve the shortage is being made by setting up *Emergency Colleges* to train rapidly large numbers of teachers between the ages of 28 and 40 who are intended to bridge the gap between the old age-groups now teaching and the younger men who will be entering the profession in the next few years from the normal *Training Colleges*. However, when the present school year started our authorities had the satisfaction of knowing that only about 22,000 children were receiving no education at all, even though against that is the fact that something like 57% of the elementary school-children were still not getting full-time instruction. The

position in the secondary schools was rather better in that there was one teacher to 29 children and all the children were at school. But far too many of these teachers were too old to teach—I visited several classes in Berlin last September where the teacher was over 70 years of age and obviously no longer capable of exercising proper control over the class.

Still more catastrophic was the problem of providing school buildings: about 10% of the schools had been completely destroyed during the war, nearly all of them large schools in the urban areas and affecting as a consequence a large proportion of the children; another 10% would be classified as unsafe by our standards—again mainly the large schools in the urban areas—but are nevertheless having to be used; other schools were still requisitioned by the military to house displaced persons, refugees, Nazi prisoners, etc. In Cologne, for example, 92% of the school buildings were out of action; in Schleswig-Holstein the position was similar; in Blankenese (near Hamburg) one secondary school had one room in a coal-bunker, another in the town-hall, and others in private houses, and classes started at 8 in the morning and continued until 6 in the evening in order to give all children some part of their education, exhausting though such long hours were for the teachers.

No less difficult was the problem of providing the most necessary tools of education such as text-books, writing-materials, ink, and all the rest of the equipment required in a modern school. The books used during the Nazi régime have been ruthlessly discarded, and practically nothing has been produced to replace them. Approximately 1½ million elementary readers and arithmetic books only have so far been printed for use in elementary schools and nothing at all for secondary schools. The result is that most teachers have to dictate passages for classroom use, as I saw for myself in English lessons in secondary schools in Berlin. Some teachers had got hold of very old text-books and as they had not been in a position to verify or correct the information these books contained by travel, the children were obtaining a picture of England that only our grandparents knew! I was told that about 100 manuscripts had been approved for publication, but there seems little chance of them ever being printed. Excellent courses for schools were devised for broadcasting, but were useless as no suitable radio sets were available for reception in schools. In fact, every attempt to cope with difficulties has been frustrated by the almost complete absence of some vital part. I found it very awkward at times when I turned to the blackboard only to find chalk was scarce. A Special Correspondent to the *Times* recently reported how a Berlin school where unemployed boys and girls were taught carpentry, metalwork, cooking, needlework, and hospital nursing was in jeopardy for lack of soap, for mothers cannot provide soap for children who dirty their hands with machine oil and varnish. Endless obstacles of this kind harass the teacher and make the task of educating the children an unenviable responsibility. Two problems must loom large this winter: food and clothes. Undernourished and ill-clad children in unheated class-rooms are not capable of receiving instruction. Our authorities have introduced a comparatively nourishing school-meal for about 1½ million children in the big cities and the Ruhr—something unknown to German schools under Hitler—and were hoping to extend it to smaller towns and rural areas this winter. The lack of footwear is, however, likely to be keeping large numbers of children home this winter, for boots and shoes were being produced in very small quantities, and on the black market they could be obtained only by paying fantastic prices—about £50 for a secondhand pair. In August of last year 25% of the children were already without any footwear, and more than half possessed only one pair of shoes; in September the Berlin education authorities appealed to the Allies for 150,000 pairs of shoes for their children, but whether they ever received them is, I fear, doubtful. Several headmasters told me that a large proportion of their pupils would not be able to attend school once the wintry weather set in. Last winter the schools carried on without any heating whatever, and often enough in rooms without adequate protection from the weather outside; and not much fuel has been made available for this winter.

This will indicate sufficiently the nature of the task our education authorities have been called upon to shoulder. Our education officers were tackling all this elementary reconstruction on the physical side with energy and enthusiasm, much as they may have disliked having to hunt for a few bricks here, an electric bulb there, or whatever it was that was lacking. I was impressed by the devotion our officials in the education section of the Control Commission displayed. Moreover, they have certainly won for themselves the admiration and respect of the German educationalists who have to translate their policy, their decisions and instructions into the practical task of teaching. Nevertheless, this pre-occupation with reconstruction has

meant that the primary and fundamental task (from our point of view) of re-education has had to be neglected, and it is hardly their fault if their efforts in this direction have been nullified by the economic circumstances and by the subordinate position assigned to education in the general scheme of the Control Commission.

As far as I could ascertain the problem of "re-education" about which there was so much discussion during the war, has not been adequately considered at the highest level. "Re-education" is admittedly a nebulous term and the only experience at our disposal is that supplied by the Nazis' own attempts to "condition" the peoples of the occupied countries during the war. The motives, the purpose and aim, the content, the method, are just so many questions to which no one seems to have any answers. And then there are the Allies—what about them? Would agreement be possible? At present we are all using education, consciously or unconsciously and in varying degrees, to sell our respective wares, with little regard to the ultimate value of these wares to the Germans or to Europe. It was both sad and entertaining to watch the competition between the powers from a vantage point such as Berlin. The tragedy is that the Germans, especially the women, are still both responsive and receptive to new ideas—it is all such a novelty to them—but this opportunity is likely to pass all too quickly if it is not seized at once. Sir David Maxwell Fife, the British Chief Prosecutor at the Nuremberg trials, has recently pointed out in a speech that no aspect demanded more urgent attention than education and that he hoped the British government would redouble its efforts in that sphere. Let us hope that the recent appointment of a new education officer with direct access to the Commander-in-Chief is a sign that the government is at last aware of the importance of this aspect of the task we have yet to accomplish in Germany.

FORMAL ODE : SOUTHAMPTON

*"—out of the human ashpit, in an air
where all is beautiful and straight and clear"* CHARLES MADGE.

By F. WILSON

Night upon night in the small obscure hours when clocks
hold their breath in the dark and dare not speak for fear
when the clammy hands of shadows clamp down on my guilty shoulders
and the blind earth gropes for its orbit, like a drunken thing
stumbling up narrow stairs; nightly upon bare boards
I have lain with the tired spirit of this real city.

I have seen a city stripped, I have stripped her down,
emancipating her fingers from all their glass jewels
red and green gems on the slim loins of burrowing trains,
depraved neon staining purple as wine the dark glass
of dissolute shop windows, the sparkling midnight indigo
where stars fold their arms and subside to the stern depths
of static reservoirs—I have not lingered at all
on her silks that are sleek dance halls and saloon bars
or her discoloured underwear of dockland areas,
I have identified myself with her flesh, have felt blunt traffic
blunder over the sensitive roads of my soul
and the intolerable cramp of squat brown city blocks
that brood hunchbacked by day, drumming their fingers on pavements
and stretch themselves at night,

I have reached for the switch
and humiliated her starved limbs in the dark.

And I have penetrated deeper. I have stood face to face with her
and read her soul in her eyes. She is a green girl.
She watched the print of her old books wither in her childhood
and turned her imaginary lover out into the rain
and trying to deprave herself has only become afraid
(timidity scuttles in and out of her large eyes

like mice from varnished wainscots). And her genuine yearning is only to pull truth out of the well, to greet again the foreign princes come from a far country Or even the three kings who were fooled by a bright star.

SILENT REVOLUTION IN FILM TASTE

By DR. H. H. WOLLENBERG

(In 1920 Dr. Wollenberg began an association with films which has lasted ever since. In that year he became editor of the then foremost film journal—"Lichtbild-bühne", at the same acting as Central European film correspondent for British and American film periodicals. After the rise of Hitler he went to Prague, coming on to London when the Germans invaded Czechoslovakia. Today, in addition to contributing to many film magazines both in this country and abroad, Dr. Wollenberg is also an editor of the *Penguin Film Review*, the first number of which appeared in August of last year. He is also responsible for running the first international Film Press Service which has branches in most of the world's capital cities, and its headquarters in Wardour Street, London.—Editor).

The ancient Romans, those wise statesmen, administrators and legislators, talked about *panis et circenses*, thus placing the importance of food and entertainment for the people on an equal footing. Blaise Pascal (1623-62), the great French thinker, said that in the back of the human mind there lurks a sentiment of eternal, universal and inescapable unrest; man seeks diversions and is anxious to escape that sentiment. And the German philosopher, Arthur Schopenhauer (1788-1860) went even further by calling hunger a calamity even worse than hunger.

The ideal means of satisfying that hunger of the human mind for diversion on the largest possible scale was found with the invention of the cinematograph fifty years ago. Films are able to carry entertainment in an unprecedented manner to the masses all over the world. 200 million people a week are conservatively estimated to attend cinemas throughout the world. Yet this seems only a beginning. Substandard projection has only started bringing films to the remoter regions where there are no static theatres; not to speak of the potentialities of television films from a centre, in a not too distant future.

By catering for the desire for entertainment there is obviously every chance for films, looked upon as an industry, to yield dividends in ever increasing measure. Who is it who does the catering? It is easy to realise that it is the American film industry which supplies by far the largest proportion of film entertainment. Hollywood is on the average the supplier of more than 60 per cent of the world's screen entertainment; in this country the percentage is as much as 80 per cent. Here are some recent figures to illustrate this point.

According to the latest reports, American films earned 52,500,000 pounds in overseas markets last year. This represents 40 per cent of their total earnings, and again 10 per cent over the amount earned in 1945.

These are figures which speak for themselves. How can this preponderance of the American film be explained? The clue is the home market on which the American production is based. Of the 230 million cinemagoers in the world, approximately 90 million at least are in the United States, an extraordinarily great proportion. The total box-office receipts in the U.S. market were 1,500 million dollars, roughly 375 million pounds, during the last year, according to the latest statistics. Based on such tremendous earnings, it is not surprising that Hollywood's major studios have budgeted 410 million dollars (125 million pounds) for their 1947 production schedule of approximately 500 feature films. (In 1937 they spent a total of 152 million dollars on 548 feature films).

Looked upon as an industry, there seems hardly a serious chance of competing with the American film for any other nation.

There is, however, another way of approach to the matter as opposed to the merely commercial aspect. Sir Stafford Cripps, the President of the Board of Trade, in a recent address, made himself the spokesman of those interests when he said: "I don't like calling films an industry—it is something more than that. We do not speak of literature as an industry; why should we talk about film production as we do of the selling of saucepans or motor cars?"

In fact, it is obvious that every nation has, through the centuries, developed its own literature as well as its own music, painting, architecture and so on. If we regard the film, as we undoubtedly do, as a new artistic medium, than we must presume that every nation should strive to develop its own specific film style, just as it does in any other art. Here is the clash between America and this tendency. For, the basic difference between the film and the older, traditional arts is the fact that the creation of films demands not only a body of experts, but also considerable capital investment, erection of studios with their expensive apparatus, and so forth. The film is therefore not only an art, but at the same time an industry, and thus a completely novel phenomenon. However, when the world's screen time is preponderantly occupied by the financially most powerful production, i.e. the American, the prospects for the development of other national productions are dim, indeed.

Hence we find the only natural tendency of many nations to protect and encourage their own film production by legislative measures. These measures differ widely, ranging from the state monopolies of Russia or Czechoslovakia to the French protective set-up and the British quota system.

The British Films Act of 1938 expires early in 1948. New legislation to replace it is now under consideration. It was in respect of this that Sir Stafford Cripps made the remark quoted above. The various trade organisations—producers, exhibitors, cine-technicians, screenwriters and so forth—have already submitted their reports and recommendations to the Board of Trade. A group of Labour M.P.s have made their own investigations. It is not the purpose of this article to go into any details in respect of the forthcoming Bill, but to give an idea of the fundamental problems involved in the light of general international developments. Sir Stafford Cripps justly defined the export of films not as the export of a commodity but as cultural export. This, no doubt, is the accepted British point of view which is gaining more and more support in other countries, to the advantage of the nations which will benefit by the exchange of their films. The film is the best medium by which peoples can come to know and understand each other.

There are highly encouraging indications that this trend has good prospects. There are signs of a silent revolution taking place in the taste of cinema audiences. After all, it is the audience which constitutes by far the most important factor and influence.

To start with our own country, it is amazing to see that in London the French film "*Les Enfants du Paradis*," is proving a success not only with the accepted French film fans, but with vast crowds of ordinary cinemagoers. In fact, it is a box-office success exceeding the records of many American box-office hits boosted by Hollywood publicity.

But even more conspicuous are certain developments in America herself. So far, foreign films have never been able to play any part worth mentioning on the American screen. American audiences, so we were told, would not accept them. Lately a new trend is becoming more and more apparent. It is mainly British films which have penetrated in ever increasing numbers into the American market. Audience reaction is undergoing a significant change. At the last popularity poll conducted by the American National Board of Review, the adult section chose "*Henry V.*" as the best film of the year for both entertainment and artistic merit and importance; second and third place in the list were taken by an Italian and an American film respectively, but the fourth place again went to a British film, "*Brief Encounter*." The junior section selected "*The Seventh Veil*," as the best film of the year made abroad; it is significant that this film with a serious, psychological background should be picked by young American filmgoers between the ages of 8 and 18 years.

Latin America constitutes one of the largest film markets so far almost entirely fed by Hollywood. The steadily growing home productions of Argentine and Mexico, European films have now begun to contest the American import. Argentina, for instance, the largest South American market, expects no less than 150 European films for the current season, including 30 British, 25 French, 25 Italian and 40 Spanish films. (Argentine producers themselves have announced 100 productions, as against 22 in 1945). In 1945 the U.S. share in the screentime of the Buenos Aires theatres dropped to 65 per cent. On the strength of the above figures, this trend should gain momentum in the near future.

These are only a few, but none the less significant symptoms of a world wide change in audience reaction. The revolution of which I am speaking appears to be characterised by the rise of the European film, led by the British studios. The fundamental causes of this change may be found in the remoteness of Hollywood, geographically as well as spiritually, from the

events which shook the old world. Britain was the battered outpost of democracy, other countries went through the horrors of invasion and occupation. Such historic experiences are bound to psychologically affect the people, their moods and tastes. This does not mean that the need for entertainment and relaxation (escapism, if you like) is smaller, but the instinctive discrimination between the phoney and the genuine is more pronounced.

No doubt, we will see in the near future American film interests, backed by capital and diplomacy, fighting for the retention of their dominant position in the world's cinemas. The British, the European film, however, has its chance today. Its artistic and creative values should be strong enough to seize this opportunity. This will largely depend on whether it finds the necessary encouragement and support by a discerning audience constantly increasing, and a public opinion growing in film consciousness.

No better comment to this point could be found than a paragraph I happened to read the other day in the Middlesex County Times, headed "*Democratic Discrimination*." It reads: "Two thrilling but contrasted experiences last Saturday set me reflecting what ought to be the objective of those who will cater for young people's lengthened educational life. In the afternoon I saw the League leaders humbled by Brentford in a mood I hope may be repeated in to-day's Cup-tie: in the evening I saw "*La Symphonie Pastorale*," the screen version of a Gide story, which is probably the best film now showing in London. What, however, would most of the 34,000 people who relished the finer points of the former spectacle have thought of the latter! Association football is an answer to those who say the multitude cannot be taught to discriminate. The function of education should be to make it equally discriminating in other directions."

■ With this end in view, the education of the public in film appreciation on the widest possible scale would obviously be an essential factor. British universities, teachers and students, could help immensely by taking up and promoting this new branch of art study.

A YOUNG LADY'S SONG FROM THE CABARET THAT DIDN'T COME OFF.

By F. SCARAMOUCHE.

If I came down to College
 'Twas not only for knowledge
 'Twas not only to stare and blink
 While others wisdom gulp and drink
 'Twas, well, for something more.

'Twas frankly 'cause I thought
 A college just the spot
 Where one can show what one can do
 With eyes like mine so big and blue . . .
 I thought; I think no more.

The men they're glum and gloom-begotten
 A woman's here all forgotten
 A woman's here out of taste
 A woman's here out of place
 I hoped for something more.

The men they seem to think they came
 To swot and cram and con in pain
 While I am sure the scheme's all wrong
 A College's made for mirth and song
 Oh yes, and something more.

I thought it'd be quite different really

.....
 censored

And perhaps a jotty more.

The men they're lazy, dull and slow
 They never look the way you go
 They never smile the way you wink
 They never speak the things you think
 And still many things more.

The men they're cold and unconcerned
 While I have all my bridges burnt
 While I've made up to all the men
 They'd rather make love to a pen.
 And wouldn't ask for more.

I think the place not worth its name,
 I think it boredom, I think it shame,
 I think I'll leave the prosy spot
 Where one's to swallow text and thought
 And nothing nothing nothing
 nothing nothing more.

NOTES ON A PLAY BY JEAN-PAUL SARTRE—LES MOUCHES.

By D. G. ANDREWS.

Probably the most widely-discussed author alive today, Jean-Paul Sartre published his first novel, La Nausée, in 1938. This was followed by a volume of short stories which included the well-known story concerning prisoners of war in Republican Spain—Le Mur. Two plays, Les Mouches and Huis Clos were published in 1943 and 1944 respectively. Since the end of the war there has appeared, Les Chemins de la Liberté, a novel in three parts and, towards the end of last year, a play in one act and two tableaux—La Putain Respectueuse. A leading philosopher of the French "existentialist" school, which shows clearly the influence of Kierkegaard, Jaspers and Heidegger, his own philosophical works include a treatise on, L'être et le néant, Une Théorie des Emotions and a study of Descartes.

Introduction.

Les Mouches was first performed in Paris during the German occupation of France, and, for the French, during the years immediately preceding the carrying of the war into Germany, it must have possessed a transparent allegory. Considered as an advocacy of a defiant resistance against the Germans, it is the very antithesis of the technique of silence and 'cold-shouldering' presented in Vercors' *La Silence de la Mer*. It represented an active as opposed to a passive resistance and, for that very reason, it was regarded mainly as an important landmark in what became known as 'resistance literature'—and nothing more. This 'topical' interest having now subsided, we often look in vain for something of more lasting value to take its place. Such is the case with *La Silence dans la Mer*, I think. The dramatic effectiveness of *Les Mouches* is apparent even from a reading, however, and it is in an attempt to discover what else of importance lies in the subject-matter and philosophical content of this play that these notes have been made.

Sartre's Interpretation of the story of Orestes and Electra.

Orestes, accompanied by his tutor, arrives in his native city of Argos, which now bears an inexorable burden of guilt as the result of the murder of Agamemnon. This burden, which

is symbolised by a continual plague of flies, has had a curious effect upon the inhabitants of the town who now are accustomed to confess publicly their personal crimes. Kneeling down in the streets they vow themselves murderers, adulterers and cheats—but so common have these sights become that they no longer shock or interest anyone. Nevertheless, they still think to mitigate by this means the wrath of the gods. Also, both Jupiter, the Father of the gods, and Aegisthus, the King, encourage this self-abasement among their subjects, since they realise that the power of gods and kings alike rests solely on people's fear of them.

Orestes has been brought up by his tutor and is bound by no ties to his family, country or social position. He is free of the guilt which overwhelms his fellow-countrymen and yet he is not content. He is as free as "*the strands torn by the wind from spiders' webs that one sees floating ten feet above the ground,*" but he feels a ghost among men. He feels himself non-existent for others, that his life and actions have no significance outside his consciousness of them. He realises that, in order to live for others, he must share in their past and he can do this only by taking revenge on Clytemnestra, his mother, for only in this way can he regain his lost ties to his family and his country.

Unrecognised by his sister, Electra, he learns from her that the climax of this public penance for their national guilt is a "*fête des morts,*" for which a day is set aside each year on which the Dead are supposed to leave their graves and to take possession of the town for twenty-four hours. Orestes witnesses with disgust the preparations for this pantomime and, after Electra's attempt to reveal this deception to the people has been foiled by Jupiter, he tells Electra who he really is. She, however, refuses to believe that he is the Orestes of her dreams—"*a born fighter with bloodshot eyes,*" who will avenge their father's murder, nor is Orestes himself yet convinced that that is the part he will play, since he feels no hatred against his father's murderers.

"Love or hatred calls for self-surrender . . . but who am I and what have I to surrender? I'm a mere shadow of a man . . . the solid passions of the living were never mine!"

Almost persuaded by Electra's mockery and his own thoughts to leave Argos and yet still hesitant, he appeals in despair to the gods. Jupiter gives him a sign that he must depart. Orestes, however, struck suddenly by the thought that, in obeying the god's command, he would be sinking to that same level of abject humility as his fellow-countrymen, sickened by the blind submission that the gods require, revolts. Already freed from all obligations to men, he now seeks his freedom from obligations to the gods. Undismayed, he now sees clearly the solitary path that he must follow and the burden that he must take up if he is to free his people from their guilt. This burden is no less than responsibility for the murder of Aegisthus and Clytemnestra whose crime had brought about their sense of guilt, and their frightened surrender to the punishment of the gods. (It is significant that no motive of personal revenge prompts this decision.)

Urged on by Electra, who rejoices at having found her brother resolved upon the two-fold murder, although not appreciating his motives for it, the deed is swiftly accomplished. Almost immediately, however, Electra is seized with remorse and she succumbs easily to the arguments and threats of Jupiter, to whom she finally offers her allegiance. Orestes, on the other hand, feels no pangs of conscience, since he now has proof of his freedom, in that he has accomplished something of his own free will, uninfluenced by god or man.

"I have done my deed, Electra, and that deed was good . . . today I have one path only but it is my path."

In this exultant mood he confronts Jupiter, who makes one last attempt to overawe Orestes with a sight of his power in controlling the wheeling planets and constellations in the firmament. Orestes, however, supremely confident now, answers him,

"You are the king of gods, king of the stones and stars, king of the waves of the sea. But you are not the king of Man."

So Jupiter is finally forced to admit what he had already acknowledged to Aegisthus, that,

"Once freedom lights its beacon in a man's heart, the gods are powerless against him."

Victorious in his struggle with the gods, Orestes turns to the citizens of Argos, and vows to free them by taking upon himself not only the responsibility for his own crime but also for all of theirs. "*A king without a kingdom, without subjects,*" he finally departs, taking the

Furies with him, thereby ridding the town of its plague of flies. So the people are enabled to begin their lives afresh, freed from their sense of guilt and from their bondage to god and king alike.

"*Tout est neuf ici, tout est à commencer.*"

The "existentialist" parable.

Ostensibly then, the main plot of the play is the freeing of Argos from the plague of flies, which is the town's punishment for its condoning in the murder of Agamemnon. Behind this, however, there is a central philosophical point of man's "original freedom," which reveals the punishment of the gods as a trick to encourage continued belief in their power, and to prevent the realisation of the freedom which is man's unique birthright—the absolute freedom of choice. This philosophical point is centred in the character of Orestes, whose actions stand free from all loyalties, and who comes to realize that, "*human life begins on the far side of despair,*" in his personal acceptance of full responsibility for his own actions, whether good or evil.

"Existentialism" and the character of Orestes.

The Concept of Freedom.

This essential freedom of choice which man possesses, is emphasized in the case of Orestes, at the moment of his choice, by the exclusion by Sartre in advance of all those affections, ties and circumstances which normally influence a person's decision at a moment of crisis. We are shown clearly, therefore, what it is that prefaces, and in a sense compels this free choice of action.

Nothing absolutely determines him to follow one course rather than another—and it is this which is responsible both for the *Anguish* he feels and the *Freedom* it exemplifies. (According to Sartre, it is only in a moment of anguish that one becomes conscious of this freedom of choice). Thus Orestes, influenced by *Nothing*, experiences anguish and gains knowledge of his perfect freedom to choose—the actual murder of his mother and step-father having no other significance than as an external action for which Orestes can assume full responsibility himself, if he so desires. It is simply therefore, a test case.

In order to try and make this a little clearer, it is necessary to show how Sartre uses the terms *Nothing* and *Anguish*, and to show their relation to one another.

In Sartre's philosophy, every conscious state is also a self-conscious state, and he describes this by saying that a conscious state, and man as a conscious being, exists *for-itself* as well as *in-itself* (which is the simple existence of an object without consciousness). Since all consciousness is intentional, and in some way, therefore, distinct from its object, the existing *for itself* is in this sense divided within itself. Thus, for example, Orestes' knowledge of his despair exists apart from the feeling of despair itself. As a feeling cannot occur without a consciousness of that feeling, nor the consciousness of a feeling without that feeling, however, the two can never be completely fused nor completely separated. In explanation of this, Sartre says that *Nothing* divides them. (The difficulty here is that Sartre is using *Nothing* in a positive and negative sense at one and the same time).

Again, Sartre declares that man is not formed according to a conception of man in the mind of a creator (as a table, for instance, becomes the realization, the *existence*, of a conception, the *essence*, of a table in the mind of man) for he denies the existence of God. Instead he maintains that *existence* precedes *essence* in the case of a conscious being. Man is simply born into certain historical conditions, and in using them he becomes what he chooses to become. There is no life either before birth or after-death therefore, so Sartre says merely—*Nothing* precedes and follows existence.

Anguish comes from both these conceptions of *Nothing*. In the first place, Orestes experiences anguish because *Nothing* divides his feeling of responsibility from his consciousness of that feeling and he is compelled therefore, to act and choose. In the second place, as *Nothing* precedes and follows existence, Orestes must act without hope although he controls his own destiny, and it is in the knowledge that he does so control his destiny that his freedom of choice first becomes evident. *Anguish* is contained, however, in the very fact that he can only act without hope.

"Existence"—freedom of choice.

We usually think of our lives in terms of a past, a present and a future, and Sartre too considers individual existence in this three-phase pattern. As a conscious being, Orestes is aware that every act he performs is banished into his past as he performs it. Since this past has no other *being* (that is, it exists solely *in itself*) he can regard all his past actions as having accumulated and solidified into an objective reality, similar to the *object-in-itself*, which is the way in which other people see him.

The past then, becomes a jumping-off ground for the future, towards which man is always turned, and concerns him only in so far as it may affect his future. Seen in this light, the murder of Clytemnestra and Aegisthus serves only as an action-in-the-past compelling a decision regarding the future, the choice between one decision and another remaining essentially free.

A man's future is a projection of himself, an ideal, an aspiring to be an *object-in-itself*, as completely as a stone is a stone, or simply as fully as he exists in the sight of others. He aspires towards an identity with himself, which is in fact impossible, since the very ability to project and look forward to the future is possible only to a conscious state of being, which exists *for-itself* as well as *in-itself*. He can no more coincide with a projection of himself in the future than he can with a reflection of himself in, water which belongs to himself-for-others and not to himself for himself.

In the present therefore, he exists merely in the freedom to choose between one course and another, and to direct himself towards the projection of himself in the future without ever coinciding with it. All this is at the back of the strange, new life which is just beginning for Orestes, as the play ends.

Footnote.

In concentrating on the subject-matter and philosophical thought of the play, I have been unable to do more than hint at its intensely dramatic power. This is all the more to be deplored since plays are meant to be acted rather than read, and the most interesting play on paper may often provide the dullest play in the theatre. Nevertheless, I hope that these notes will have suggested, at least, the suitability of "existentialism" to the theatre by reason of its emphasis on what John Russell has called, "the inner rhetoric of temperament." The final test of any play must take place in the theatre, however, and since a translation of this play has now appeared I trust that it will not be long before it is produced in this country.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

By F. WILSON.

The savour of stagnant marshes flattened by some slimy hand
grapples at the brisk seawind and a withered dawn
with the face of an old woman mothering over a sick-bed
clutters the morbid skies; but the pylons bristle with fever,
they stretch their rigid shanks, they claw and thresh at her eyes
and the docker stumping in dungarees from lamp-post to lamp-post
stops, he looks up, wipes his fleshy mouth, spits,
and feels her cracked oath split the emaciated sky
and startle from the pavement under his harsh heels.

PARIS REVISITED.

By P. L. SMITH.

PARIS. 10TH JANUARY, 1947.

I spent the vacation in Paris, the first time that I had visited the city since the Occupation, and I shall try to give you my impressions of Paris itself, and of general living

conditions there. Unfortunately, this article will be read some two months or more after it has been written, and so the reader is asked to take the following facts and conditions described as those prevailing at the New Year.

The first shock I received, on arriving at the Gare du Nord, was that there was not a taxi to be had. Paris has now only a considerably reduced number of its famous taxis. The drivers are allowed a certain petrol ration each day, and they make the best possible use of it. Hence taxis are no longer seen cruising around Paris as of old; instead of taxis looking for passengers, one has now to look for the taxi. Despite there being fewer taxis, the Boulevards and streets of the city are as difficult as ever to cross. The amount of traffic is enormous. As from the New Year, the free sale of petrol has been reinstituted, and it is now obtainable at the British equivalent of six shillings per gallon. Doctors and other priority cases are permitted to purchase petrol for business requirements at a much reduced rate. The monthly allowance under the rationing scheme had been twenty litres (four gallons)—irrespective of the horse-power of the vehicle. The new system of free sale is beneficial to the state inasmuch as the latter will receive more revenue because of it. This is the case since motorists pay tax according to the amount of petrol they consume. The tax on motoring is therefore an indirect one, and is much fairer than the system operating in Britain, for the motorist who makes great use of his vehicle pays tax accordingly, while the "small" user pays but little tax. Whilst I am on the subject of traffic and the streets, let me say a word or two regarding the war damage sustained by Paris. I am very glad to be able to say that there is virtually none. One sees only a few bullet holes, as on the façade of the Ministère de la Marine in the Place de la Concorde. One side of the Arc de Triomphe has suffered slightly and is at present under repair. Here and there in Paris one sees a stone plaque in honour of those who fell for la Patrie during the last hours of the occupation. Compared with London, however, the damage is negligible, and I maintain that this is fortunate if only from the consideration that it would have been a great loss to the world if many, or even any of Paris's monuments had been destroyed.

There are really three markets operating in Paris—the "Ration Market," the "Open Market," and the "Black Market." In the first of these, the quantities of food and other rationed goods such as coal and clothes are fixed, as are also their prices. The rationed allowance of most foodstuffs is barely enough for a comfortable living. One has to buy a newspaper daily to see if any fresh "distributions" are being made. If there has been an allocation, then one can get the allowance—provided that the shopkeeper has that particular article in stock.

There is no ration book as in Britain, but one has a large number of perforated sheets of highly-coloured coupons, somewhat similar to a Post Office sheet of stamps, to use for the various commodities. Until recently one had to exchange these coupons for new ones at the end of each month. The period of their validity is now two months, but this frequent exchange remains an irksome business for the public. Although there are "cartes de vin," and "cartes de pain," one is never sure when these particular commodities will be distributed. As an example of this, the allowance of wine for last September was not authorised until the end of December! The ration of wine, which the Frenchman drinks like water, is only three litres per month, and even then one is not sure of receiving one's full ration. The bread ration is approximately the same as that in Britain, but again, the Frenchman normally eats far more bread than the Englishman.

To supplement the rations, one buys on the "Open Market,"—it can hardly be called a "black market"—since the purchasing is performed quite openly. On going to the butcher and asking the price of a joint, which one's ration would not allow one to buy, he will tell one, two or three hundred francs or even more. One can quite easily pay as much as seventeen shillings for a small joint, subject, of course, to whether the meat is available, for meat whose price is controlled "vanishes." It is symptomatic of the situation that, on hearing that the price of pork was coming under control, the French newspapers bore the headlines,

"Adieu au jambon! M. Farge a taxé le porc."

(M. Farge is, needless to say, the Food Minister.) As an indication of the French government's knowledge of prevailing conditions, it delayed this particular control "so that the French families should have a joint for their New Year's dinner." The price of bread is controlled, of course, but that cannot very well disappear. The prices of most vegetables and fruit are not controlled however, and these, together with such luxuries as sultanas, grapefruit and nuts, are sold on the "Open Market."

Commodities bought on the "Black Market", proper, are, for instance, coal (that is coal over and above the six-hundredweight ration for the winter) butter and sterling. Coal is extremely scarce, real coal being priced at twenty-one pounds a ton, while peat, which is widely used as fuel, costs ten pounds a ton.

Butter can be bought at twelve shillings a pound to supplement the monthly ration of five ounces.

The official black market price for sterling, which is openly published in the newspapers, is nine hundred and sixty francs, exactly double the bank rate of exchange. This is a sure sign of the French people's lack of confidence in the franc. It had been expected for quite some time that the exchange rate of the franc to the pound would fall from its artificial level of four hundred and eighty. A friend, who is on the Bourse, told me, however, that the French Louis Napoleon (the equivalent of our gold sovereign) was valued at six thousand, nine hundred francs in January 1946, and that in December the valuation was three thousand three hundred. This is very significant indeed. If the value of gold falls relatively to that of the franc, the latter's value is enhanced. People are less ready to hold gold, and more ready to hold francs a very good sign, especially as it is backed by the opinion of bankers that the franc will not fall below the present rate of exchange. If this state of affairs becomes general, the black market price of the pound sterling will fall, and confidence in the franc will be restored. In concluding this description of the operations of the various markets, it can be said that if one has the money, one can live like a king in Paris. One is able to buy virtually anything on the open and black markets to supplement rations. Meals in restaurants compare favourably with those obtainable before the war. One can pay one thousand five hundred francs (over three pounds) for a meal in a first-class restaurant, and in a second-class establishment a meal costs eight to nine hundred francs (nearly two pounds). And now let me mention a few other amenities which add to the comfort—or rather discomfort—of life in Paris.

Heating is a very great problem. Most of the Paris flats have central heating, and its efficiency is very poor, owing to the shortage of fuel and also to the electricity cuts to which I shall refer again later. Hence it is quite easy to feel cold in Paris during winter. Another inconvenience experienced in the city is that for two days a week, electricity is cut off from 7.30 a.m. until 7.30 p.m. This cut, as well as applying to domestic consumers, affects industry, the large stores and hotels, unless these possess their own generating plant. The days are staggered, different parts of Paris having their cuts on different days, but the general inconvenience caused by these cuts can be well imagined.

Some readers may remember that on January 2nd, M. Blum's government introduced a five per cent cut in all prices. Although the papers have made much of this, it is as yet only a farce. As from January 1st, the Underground Railway and bus fares rose by over a hundred and fifty per cent; telephone charges by ninety per cent; postage rates by sixty per cent; and gas and electricity charges by fifty per cent. Although this cut applied to all commodities and services, it could take effect only in the case of controlled prices, but seeing that the retail prices of nearly all foods are not controlled this is the situation which resulted. The stall-keepers in the market-places raised their prices by several francs, and then gave one a five per cent reduction on purchases. Restaurant tariffs and the price of cloth behaved in a like manner, in fact the prices of most commodities were raised in this way. M. Blum has stated that another cut of five per cent is to be made in March. In my opinion, the only effect that these cuts will have is that the wholesalers, whose prices are far more controlled than those of the retailers, knowing that another cut is forthcoming in March, will unload their stocks before this further cut and the retailers will have their supplies flooded and will be obliged to lower prices in order to sell. The President of the Republic is to be elected on January 16th, however, and this may mean the appointing of a new Prime Minister, entailing also a new government. It may be that M. Blum will not be returned to office, and that a non-socialist will be elected. If this is so, it is possible that the price reduction plan will not be continued, and the political game may start afresh.

I mentioned earlier that if one wants to eat comfortably, one has to supplement one's rations on either the Open or Black market, or both. Every French family cannot do this, of course, but it is surprising to see the number that can do so. You may wonder where the money comes from to enable them to do this. Frankly so do I. Theoretically there are not supposed to be any very rich people in France, because the state confiscates 100% of any income above 1,000,000 francs (2,000 pounds) a year. Nevertheless this law is widely evaded by the

rich, who are consequently able to live most luxuriously. Also there are those persons who have benefited from the Nazi occupation by engaging in the sale of certain commodities, as for instance, cosmetics and such materials as silk, at a very high price, but this class forms a very small proportion of the population. The average French family is very large, however, and many inhabitants of Paris make week-end trips to relations and friends in the country—and the number of persons who have a member of their family living in the country is really quite astonishing. These week-end trippers return laden with eggs, butter and cheese and possibly some of the rarer kinds of vegetables. These they sell invidiously and thus augment either their real income or their money income which enables them to buy a little extra meat or a few extra cigarettes, or an additional litre or two of wine.

The French workman needs to eat well, because he works very hard at the present moment. He has much longer hours, in fact, than his English counterpart. A friend of mine works in the Ford Works at Poissy, on the outskirts of Paris. His office hours are from 8.00 a.m. to 1.10 p.m. without a break for refreshment. He recommences at 1.50 p.m. and works through until 5.30 p.m. Thus he works for nearly nine hours a day, for five days a week, the reason for working only five days being that for two days the electricity supply is cut off. The actual manual workers in factories work for longer spells than the above. The French T.U.C. (the C.G.T.) during the 1936 "Front Populaire," had demanded and were granted a forty-hour week for its members. Recently the Congress volunteered to allow a return to the maximum of forty-eight hours a week, in order to help in the country's recovery. I should indeed be surprised to see the British T.U.C. do the same. I think that our workers could well afford to follow the example of these Frenchmen. These long hours are not universal, but apply only to the "essential" industries.

These then are the impressions which I gained during my stay in France, in the "gay city" which still is very gay—to the tourist, and I hope that they have been of interest.

Footnote

Paris 10/2/47.

The Presidential elections on January 16th, resulted in M. Vincent Auriol being elected the first President of the Fourth Republic. The Prime Minister appointed was M. Paul Ramadier. This made the Socialist Party the holder of the two most important political offices in the country. The Cabinet formed comprised six Socialists, five Communists and five members of the M.R.P.

This meant that the Socialist-sponsored price reduction plan would be allowed to continue. M. Ramadier in a recent speech announced that on March 1st, instead of a general lowering of prices as before, some would be reduced by 5% or more, whilst others would be left at their present level. The Premier announced also, that measures would be taken to enforce the sale of any surplus stock held by traders. M. Ramadier stated that the first reduction had lowered the cost-of-living index figure in Paris, from 865 in December to 856 in January—the level at which it stood in November. In other words, the reductions have little more than balanced the increased charges for gas, electricity and transport. The practice of evading the price reductions still continues, and the Socialist government is receiving many complaints from the public on this subject. It is to be hoped that the new reductions in March will be more effective than the earlier ones, but it is difficult to see how the law can be strictly enforced. It is therefore very likely that evasions will once more occur, and consequently the "save the franc" campaign initiated by M. Blum, will not fulfil the hopes inspired by its introduction.

THREE DIURNALS

By L. A. LEJMAN

Yesterday we met again
he and I
I saw my name on his lips
I felt my name grow in his eyes
warm and round
I stretched my hands
but no

the fingers were bleeding
 as always were bleeding
 and soon
 he too went away
 I walk the winding streets
 and people rub their faces
 faces and faces
 on my eyes frayed with lack of sleep
 many times
 I wanted to rush up to them
 to them all
 and cry people
 it is I, I
 but I was afraid
 for what if it were not I at all
 not at all
 I often think
 how simple it all is
 one gesture
 one gesture only
 but yet
 it is heavy, heavy
 unbearably so
 and besides
 in time so distant
 as if centuries away
 ago

JOHNSON OVER JORDAN—AN INTRODUCTION

By P. GOODWIN-BAILEY

I feel I should preface this article with a few words of explanation as to how it came to be written. Most students are aware that this work of J. B. Priestley has been chosen by the College Dramatic Society as their initial contribution to their fellow students, the College authorities and the towns-people of Southampton, after an enforced idleness during the war years. Many students, moreover, are in sympathy with the aims of the Society to make some positive contribution to the establishment of a college reputation in southern England as a cultural institution. Such knowledge and interest might reasonably be expected to lead some of you to inquire into the nature of the work the Society is undertaking—by procuring a copy of the play to read for yourselves, to be better able to appreciate and criticise it. But unfortunately copies of the play are very scarce, so it was suggested by the Editor of this magazine that I should write a short introduction in order to satisfy, in some measure, what we hope will become a widespread interest. I should like to emphasise that this is not part of a giant publicity campaign!

In some ways it is a great pity that Mr. Priestley did not forestall the recent producer of "A Matter of Life and Death," on the subject of titles for their respective works. The title chosen, "Johnson over Jordan," conveys to most of us the idea of death, but obliterates completely the more essential truth that the play is really about life. It is most important to grasp the play's biographical backbone. "Johnson," is the kaleidoscopic story of an Everyman, whom Mr. Priestley has called Robert Johnson—apparently considering that the dramatised John Smith had been working overtime. Robert Johnson represents the ordinary middle-class citizen of the late nineteen-thirties. I say this advisedly, because in a later play, "They Came to a City" Mr. Priestley adopted as his hero the citizen perched on a lower rung of the social ladder as one more in keeping with the changing social order. He is deliberately made commonplace, and associated with ideas and people, who, while we may recognise them as having counterparts in our own less publicised and more intimate existences, we should hardly recommend

for their dramatic potentialities. To present such humdrum personalities in the time-honoured dramatic setting of "17, Acacia Avenue," or "Laburnum Grove," with Robert Johnson as the dewy-eyed adolescent student who becomes the cynical middle-aged business man, would be not merely boring in the extreme but exceedingly vulgar, as broadcasting those aspects of our lives that we spend a lifetime in hiding from the world, in an effort to persuade it that they are so infinitesimal a part of our make-up as to be ignored, or better still that they are non-existent.

Mr. Priestley has, therefore, chosen a new dramatic form as a vehicle for his Everyman. Before attempting to explain what that form is, it would perhaps be advisable to enquire into the author's aims and methods. It seems to me that the play-wrights object is to present, in dramatic form, ideas and personalities, in such a way that his audience is moved by the reality, the three dimensional quality of his creation. Some situations possess a natural dramatic quality of this sort, merely as straight forward narrative—the passion of Jesus of Galilee for instance—but to charge the ordinary and the commonplace with the depth that the senses associate with reality requires all the artist's skill, to meet with success. Mr. Priestley has attempted to solve this problem by the introduction of a fourth dimension,—Time. In some form or another, this device occurs in several of his earlier works—"Time and the Conways," and "I Have Been Here Before," to mention only two. He utilises it in this play too, but in a more subtle and, I think, more realistic way than before. But the real credit for the idea of the precise form of "Johnson," goes to a certain Dr. Evans-Wentz who made a critical study of the Tibetan "The Book of the Dead". In this book Mr. Priestley tells us he learned of 'Bardo,' the intermediate stage that immediately follows death. Dr. Evans-Wentz describes 'Bardo,' "as a prolonged dream-like state in what might be called the fourth dimension of space, filled with hallucinatory visions, directly resultant from the mental content of the percipient."

In other words, the dead man doesn't realise he no longer possesses a body, and he mistakes characteristic thought forms for genuinely objective entities. His "new life" is very much like a dream. Mr. Priestley has adopted this dream sequence as his dramatic form for "Johnson," who is already dead when the curtain rises. It is only in this outward form that the work becomes a play about death. Death is merely the dramatic framework on which the substance of Johnson's life is built.

By lifting Johnson out of time, this dream sequence form possesses numerous advantages. In a dream, the self which returns to its past and postulates its future is a more essential self. Further, it is of no particular age, it may be fifty at one moment and fifteen the next. Yet it possesses a third and greater advantage. The self does not merely remember its past, it recreates it as a background to its present experience and future hopes based on those experiences. It is vital to grasp this dual character of Johnson. He is back in the past, yet fundamentally out of time altogether. Let me give two examples. In the third act Johnson meets his brother Tom, a young man who was killed in the first Great War. Superficially Johnson is a youth again, in his last year at school, yet he also is a mature man who knows that Tom was killed in France. Or, again in the act with his children at the window, he is back at some moment of time when they were all on a climbing holiday together, yet he also out of time, trying to tell them what he has always wanted to tell them and finally saying goodbye to them. To miss this double significance is to lose the depth and poignancy of the scene altogether. It is just this very quality which gives the play life and colour and that simulated reality which alone is emotionally moving.

The play retains a normal framework of three acts. The first is played in an office, when the governing mood is one of anxiety and responsibility. Johnson revisits people and situations from his past and meets purely symbolic figures, like the Examiners, in keeping with this mood. In Act II, set in the night-club, the mood is one of abandon, when the sensual, bestial and murderous tendencies in Johnson rise to the surface and find expression in a succession of symbolic characters—the sugar-daddy Porker, the Madame. Finally, purged by terror and remorse, he moves on, in the third act, to the Inn at the End of the World, where he re-discovers his best self and those things, in the words of the Figure, that have "illuminated your mind and touched your heart." Here there is little symbolism. Johnson wanders in and out of his past, yet is never wholly engulfed in it. The complete four dimensional Johnson says goodbye to all things familiar. A small doubting figure against a huge backcloth of blue spaces and of glittering stars and a universal symbol, he begins a new life. The whole play leads up to this moment before the curtain falls.

In order to give added depth and perspective, both physical and mental, to the dream sequences, each act is prefaced by a short scene showing what is happening in the front hall of Johnson's house. Originally, all these had for background the off-stage voice of a clergyman intoning the funeral service, but only the first act is so prefaced in the present edition. Mr. Priestley gives two reasons for this change. First, audiences were upset by the funereal introduction. Second, many playgoers found it impossible to conceive the dream scenes taking place in the time span of a short funeral service. Mr. Priestley therefore substituted scenes of the household at day intervals. So much for the form and content of the play for their own sake. But they lead us directly to a third vitally important aspect of the play. Mr. Priestley is in my opinion, one of our better modern dramatists, in that he endeavours to experiment with the resources of the theatre. In this respect, the particular form he has chosen for this play makes greater demands than most. This play utilizes to the full, lighting and costume, and introduces two forms often employed by musical comedy but rarely associated with the serious theatre, ballet and incidental music; in an attempt to increase the depth and solidity of the 'Bardo' impressions. It should be evident that these innovations of form, both in dramatic structure and stage-craft, offer yet a further reason why the characters and dialogue should be commonplace. They take the place of blank verse in heightening the dramatic quality of the work, and increase the sense of reality. It is important to realise how essential they are to the complete work in rounding it off, but to regard them as stage tricks or box-office is to misunderstand them.

I add one final word about the College production. It should be evident by now that the particular form of this play makes great demands on all concerned, particularly the leading actor and the producer. I trust that none of you are expecting to see a polished West End production. As amateurs whose interests in the theatre are strictly part-time, I consider that it would be unfair to expect so much. For want of experience we have to present our ballet as mime, and for want of cash, our music must be recorded and chosen by ourselves—Mr. Benjamin Britten wrote the original music for the production, but this is unfortunately not yet recorded. Nevertheless, I hope that you will agree that the experiment is one well worth making, and in accordance with the cultural ambitions of the Society. I further hope that this sketchy outline of some of the play's more important aspects will enable you to approach the play in the right spirit—for it demands more of the audience than mere curiosity. Unless one thoroughly grasps the dual character of Johnson's 'Bardo,' the play becomes a succession of shapeless and meaningless episodes, pretentious nonsense. Our one hope is that you'll not only enjoy your fellow-students' efforts, but will be able to appreciate the far larger worth of the play itself.

INTELLECTUALISM : A SYMPOSIUM

By L. A. LEJMAN

The four essays following, though written in conjunction with each other, do not constitute a discussion on the subject of intellectualism. The symposium method, which it is hoped will become a regular feature in "Second Wessex", attempts to give a variety of viewpoints upon a provocative but not sharply defined subject. The point of reference in this case is simply the word Intellectualism, and no stylistic uniformity has been attempted.

1. Intellectualism and the State

The posters are tearing down slogans brazen and blaring, shrill as trumpets, and glutinous; the microphones are wailing and drumming in vicious gamuts winding like staircases and yawning through black doorways ajar in the rain. The minds of men are chewing the cud of clichés, clichés upon clichés: heaps of choking dust swirling, swelling in the wind, tempestuous and weightless.

After elections elementary schools multiply like mushrooms in the rain, and secondary schools bestrew the paths of progress like rotten tomatoes along a country lane. Universities are shot against the skyline of the future, and open multiple, promiscuous, prostituted like umbrellas in the sleet and bruises open the lips of the flesh, and interjections inarticulate and spluttering, yah ugh ! The elite ! the golden fish, the red, fleshy coxcomb and the cock's beaked

out head, the bloated, balloon-like medusa, turning to water in the hand but stinging. The florid growth on the coarse hard bark of the tall birch filmed in white.

I am not referring to the realms of technicians and man "about profession" stacked high against the walls of their complacent, snug, self-satisfied mediocrity, stiff and impervious like a starched collar, or a mortared roof between the sun and the warmth, caging the sun within the hot gust of a foggy and fusty air-ball. I am referring to the unfinished, unsatisfied, unsatiated dilettanti. Intellectualism breeds frustration. A man stricken with a material craving plods towards its realization, painfully and piecemeal; a man possessed with intellectual aspiration cannot crawl to his goal, but needs must gallop breathlessly, and so is bound to burst of exhaustion, or else panting finish in the road-side ditch, and tamed and subdued string out the beads of his unbegotten dreams. Or else, of course, he may stretch himself out the whole hog, hands and legs sprawling, at the altar of St. Compromise, the begetter of congruous husbands, fathers with a moustache in their eye, and citizens dutiful.

But the craving is not to be smothered with mash or kisses, and when the intellectual power the manifold deity of the minds flexibility, finds itself unwilling to meet the wish half way, there arises, from the ashes of the first in quarto, the phoenix of the cafeteria. He's not dangerous: he wears an immaculate collar, and orders his coffee black, he looks at you as if he knew, yes, knew exactly why you came alone to-night to the cafeteria Rue de la Madeleine. But he never strikes. He cannot explode; will go on boiling tamely on a low, gentle fire, and boil himself out into a pinch of salt and a thin sediment of calcium, and never explode. For to shatter the lid of the pot . . . But it is irrelevant, he belongs to the past; and the mothers have gone who could have been shocked to find their daughters pregnant and then, the daughters too have changed. The artistic flavour about the Bohemian reeks of commercialism in days when garrets grow central heated by ministerial decrees. His collar used to be filthy once.

Intellectuals are those who have been taught. They switch their minds onto a topic and discourse in the manner of intellectuals. Intellectuals are unable to say: I don't know. If they do, they are technicians, cross-breeds, pigs. They are thoroughbreds only if they are wicked, for to be wicked is the privilege of those who do not believe or believe too much. They are self-centred on principle. Their incidental generosity being the spark they rescue with their hands singed and smoking out of the furnace of friendly eyes. That is where Sartre comes in. And leaves off.

He knows. Today he knows that his wife's tale meant schizophrenia. He knows that Christ had a father, flesh and blood and the rest. He knows that Chopin is cheap, and that Plato is the thing. He knows that the French are finished. He knows what to expect of human nature and he knows that the rest is silence. When he thinks in verse, he never rhymes; when a rhyme snicks in unawares, he turns the line inside out, like a glove. He has read the simile in Shakespeare. He has read Shakespeare. He has understood.

At a higher stage of development, if God allows and father affords, or if God says nought and the state provides, he graduates into a man. He dons flannel trousers, no patchwork, and may teach in the Universities or will write books usually very slender. If he composes more than two hundred pages or less than a thousand, he plagiarizes, unless it be fiction (or scriptures). If it be fiction, he is the young woman not yet twenty three. Otherwise, he is a great man (sic).

Stalin followed Lenin followed Marx followed Hegel followed etc. But the problem of intellectuals has not been solved. Its relation for instance to the so called war or classes remains very obscure. It is understood that, in the first act when men of action come into power, whether thrust up by the spout of revolution, or wheedled into office by backroom intrigue, their intellectual capabilities matter little. They are the masters, they are the Gods; but during the second act the marching columns of potential deities (and their under studies) are carefully canalized, segregated and picked. The flowing torrent of civil service is frozen along the whole of its course; the administrative hierarchy is fixed, and the overhaul system subject to strict and rational laws. Under the black layer of ice a slow, slender current of warm water slovenly flows on to feed the ocean. In the third act we are where we started; intellectuals on our side, commingled with the new bourgeoisie, materialist in outlook and idealist in power, and the manual workers on the other; cheated as ever. Fortunately we rarely reach the third act; the play's construction is much too feeble to withstand three hours of audience. The remedy according to some, is to criss-cross a manual worker into an intellectual, to breed a reading public all along the mass-production belt. But prescribed doses of education only contrive

to fray and irritate the tender skin of a man's vanity. The effect of education generally speaking, is to make a man either ambitious or unhappy or both. The low-brow will feel balked, the middle-brow out of tune, the high-brow miscognized. Chekov's boredom is but round the corner. However, with the unavoidable stigma attached to manual as opposed to intellectual work, the flux is outward bound, away from the field into the factory, way from the factory into the office, away from the office into the University, away from the University into life. What is life? Probably work in the fields, but we have not decided yet. For the moment we're on the run; and God save our soles!

To return to the intellectual's position vis-à-vis the state. A man who knows, knows for himself; it would be idle to suppose that he should forsake his interests, and dedicate his life, his knowledge and his intellect to a hypothetical good of a hypothetical community. When the cross-currents of his intellectual acquisitions preclude any strong unified, directed, flow of his will, a will provided for the occasion with a mentally tangible egoistic aim, the gradual widening of his field of tit-bit, loop-holed understanding eventually culminates in an attitude of cynical pessimism which, in its turn, branches into the sundry, fanciful schools of art, and religion. A related source of trouble is that there are so many intellectuals and that the profession, slothful and smooth, possesses so powerful an appeal and grows popular so very easily, accompanying, as a rule, some mounting and deceitful prosperity. The intellectual's functions are all purely artificial. He deludes himself ably enough by accusing his god or gods of fitting him with an inviolable spirit of constructive curiosity, but the fact remains that on leaving the plough, he takes the path of self-destruction, however winding the path, and however gloriously remote the self-destruction. A mental superstructure clutters up the intrinsic simplicity of the beautiful beast, and man calls himself proud for having escaped the instinctive, crude, cruel passions of the ape, the tiger, the sheep, the sparrow and the worm.

As Mr. Jones observes, we are reaching the tether of our culture. Oswald Spengler in the Twenties made us aware that there was nothing very tragic about it; cultures were cyclic phenomena, known for millenia, and human so called progress was of a recurring and fluctuating nature. Intellectualism was the undertaker at the cultural funerals. Intellectualism is the undertaker today. Let us rejoice; think of gravediggers in Hamlet, and forget Yorick. Yorick would have been the first to rejoice and to forget Yorick. And, please, don't pity the world—if you can help it.

2. Intellectualism and the Soul

By PETER JONES

..... and in this unnatural flow, out of the human, diurnal simplicity of the past into the mechanical, clock-shadowed intellectualism of the future, how thin our souls have worn. The agrarian mind is heavy and slow, held by a ballast of known ignorance and fear, close to the real mysteries of its being, but the suburban mind is born out of touch with the soil, and bred in enclosed corridors or rooms with cement floors, insulated against fear: its thoughts are formed as dream-fickle as pieces of paper blown in a windy street. Mass mechanization has entailed a process of mass intellectualism and the slow sterilization of the spirit. At history lectures the dates of Factory and Education Acts are taken in one dose. Buying food in a chain store the city dweller must wander up artificial vistas of £.s.d. Growing his food, the unthinking agrarian comes to feel the facts of fertilization, natural growth and decay. Machine lives can only be pursued by machine minds, and the living spirit that grew from the soil, individually like a tree, vegetably ignorant but firmly rooted, fearing the lightning and the worm but knowing the sap of eternal life in its veins has blackened, withered and died: the roots of the human spirit, individual and inviolable, lie shrivelled and dying beneath the pavements of suburban streets; there is no growth, and in a twilight the only fauna are identical lamposts which tick. Intellectualism is the mechanization of the mind, secretly constructing a Sunday-afternoon parlour-story religion to replace the fear of death, a pornographic picture-post-card game for blind, symbolic lust and a carefully stereotyped typewritten label bearing the inscription "Ivan Ivanov, Russian worker" or "James Smith, English bourgeois" for the awareness of self. The primitive, living close to the actual processes of life, was aware of the basic conditions of existence and had no wish to bandy mental abstractions. What an unfeeling, pedantic world has called his superstition was his contact with and realization of the world beyond the pitch-range of the senses. But the ultimate result of a mechanistic world is the

levelling of all sensory, emotional and instinctive distinctions and a vast development of abstract mathematical and logical thought. The working of a machine demands the mental mechanics of Arithmetic. Action in the modern political world must be the result of logical preparation and never of instinct. We think in general terms of the abstract and not particularly of the real things from which generalizations are deduced. Intellectualism flowers out of this abstraction. It is a game played in the wordy vacuum of the mind. General definition of an Intellectual: The intellectual is a purveyor of ancient myths, conventions and standards of human behaviour. His name implies that he can only retail second-hand goods and he has to take the utmost care to get no unfamiliar, unthumbed goods in his shop or he may be labelled "Visionary" and struck off the register. His mind is a vast dust-filled, mouldy ring store, cluttered with dead ideas, where the light can never come because the windows are blocked by stacks of dimly perceived, immovable, worm-eaten thoughts. You can never really know the intellectual; the intellectual never really knows himself. If you ask him what he thinks about death he retreats with a patronizing smile into the comforting shadows of his shop, and reassures a momentary doubt by turning the leaves of an aged platitude or two. Disturbed dust soon settles. If you ask the non-intellectual about death, his eyes will darken with unashamed doubt and fear. The completely non-intellectual thinks about real, material things, and only knows the real immaterial things like love for a woman or fear of death. The intellectual never comes in contact with real material things and he treats the real immaterial things as subjects for impersonal abstract analysis, thereby avoiding and forgetting them altogether. The function of the intellectual is to prevent people from thinking about themselves, and to spin a vicious web of generalization between the individual as a recorded tremor on the seismograph of society and the individual as his real world-shaking self.

The mould of the self, projected into the phantasmagoria of human existence, exists only at the end of a long tunnel, which becomes wider and more embracing as it opens into the great cosmic self. Faint awareness of this self, the dim perception of a little piercing light and the ultimate return through the forgetful shadows of this tunnel can only be achieved by clear untrammelled contemplation of the basic facts of being. All plain, clear-headed, uneducated men are mystical at heart, because, though they may never travel far from the superficial persona of human life, they are always capable of this journey and near to the portal of contemplation through which it is made. Lucid contemplation is cluttered, disturbed and finally destroyed by the childish, hysterical, meddling intellect. Intellectualism is a child's thoughtless game played on the comic sub-surface of existence. It grows a habit, becomes an obsession and leaves distortion, Mr. Lejman's vision of a garish, vacuous gimcrack world in which the spring of all individual, original motive force has been choked dead at the source and where only a lunatic, impersonal power, manifesting itself sinisterly through the microphone, the newspaper, the film and the poster, holds violent sway, is no nightmare. It is a wide-awake vision of the nightmare condition of modern thought. This is a world of echoes and reflections. Echoes and reflections of ancient worn-out ideals and values, which, strangely as they are, projected farther from their source along the walled-in city streets and tenement corridors of a grey, mechanized landscape, grow ever more strident and lurid. It is as though a kaleidoscope picturing all human ideals, imagination and invention had suddenly staccatoed human thought and then suddenly had been set in motion, spinning so that we live at a continual pitch of intensity, expecting the approaching clash.

3. Intellectualism in the Adolescent

By F. WILSON

With the steady rise of juvenile delinquency comes a corresponding increase in the number of would-be intellectuals; and as I myself am that inclined at times, I think I am well qualified to make out the case for my fellow-sufferers. The University intellectual is he who has caught the trick of contemptuous frowns and impressive silences, who has learnt the names of one or two well-known philosophers and jazz-records (which he uses indiscriminately when he wishes to quote an authority), who, if confronted with his own youth, merely refuses to believe in adolescence (and one of my friends, on being asked the time in a cafe, diffidently replied that he didn't believe in time.). However, there is a tendency in College for Engineers to assume that an Intellectual is a synonym for an Artist, and for the Artists to place the Intellectual as anyone who, though not clever enough to work in their particular department, is

too intelligent to become an Engineer. Actually, Intellectualism is a neurosis usually bred of an inferiority complex; the sufferer is often shy and reserved in early adolescence, ugly perhaps, or aware of some physical defect, and possessed of that consciousness of his own superiority to everyone he meets, which is especially common among ex-public-schoolboys. But his shyness and lack of physical grace prevent him from mixing easily, and other people do not recognise this superiority. So he stakes all on the development of his mind, assimilates knowledge merely for the purpose of exhibitionism, finds that he becomes mentally superior to other students, but the discovery gives him no satisfaction. So then he takes to treating other people with a mixture of contempt and condescension, to aver dark purposes in life and death, and generally to assume an air of profound wisdom and cynicism (by the way, he is never intellectually honest with himself, for he is perfectly aware that he does not fully possess the knowledge he professes).

This Intellectualism consists of the over-development of the mind at the expense of the other faculties and senses. But, believing as I do that the real-life fully grown Intellectual has usually caught the disease in adolescence I suggest that the causes of the affliction are not directly social, but psychological. Mr. Jones finds its root-cause in man's relinquishment of the soil, but this is only indirectly true, in so far as the highly complex mechanisms of our civilisation (pressed for examples I can only say:—mirrors, etc.—I am an artist) promote self-consciousness in the individual and threaten his natural physical pride. To prevent a middle-aged monster, strike at the neurosis of his adolescence. And this particular neurosis is easily cured by admitting the sufferer into society, by presenting him with an outlet for his emotional frustration (sex rears its ugly head, you see) and the paradox is, that most of these cold and gloomy Thinkers are disgustingly emotional at bottom.

Now an Intellectual may be seen to constitute a psychoanalytical case, and to be an unfortunate who is more to be pitied than blamed. An Intellectual is a person driven by force of circumstance to defy his mind: he will naturally gather his necessary scraps of knowledge from the sides of thought he can most easily understand. Thus, if he is studying Physics he will be a Physicist Intellectual; if Economics, that most revolting phenomenon, an Economist par excellence. Thus it is hardly possible for you Engineers to identify art and Intellectualism; you can no more deny the existence of artistic beauty than you can that of Engineering Drawing. And in fact, Art in so far as it provides an emotional outlet, is less likely to lead to Intellectualism than Science. You are confusing Intellectualism with the absence of humour, a deficiency for which we artists are notorious.

Note: When I call myself an artist I refer to myself as a member of the Arts Faculty (which cannot be avoided), and not as a scribbler (which complaint anyone can avoid).

4. Intellectualism and the Woman

By E. DUNGATE

I don't like this title. It savours too much of patronage, like Shaw's "Arms and the Man", or alternatively, it sounds just like the title of some heavily revolutionary work on women's suffrage (dated 1910). But whether I like it or dislike it, it must mean something. Terms should always be defined after all, even though it is the fashion to write a great deal about nothing at all, using one's own personal symbolism; therefore it will be a change to write purely objectively about a given topic, as, like most people, I have a natural objection to pouring out my soul on paper.

Looking at this title for the dozenth time I feel inclined to sound journalistic. "What does the life of the Intellect (is there such a thing?) MEAN TO ME?" (in capitals, of course) by "A WOMAN". Next thing we must ask ourselves, "What is a woman?". Memo, do not ask University students, they wouldn't know, of course.

If I am going to write that way, I had better give some definitions.

Imprimis, A WOMAN.

- (a) Something men don't want but can't do without.
- (b) Something men *do* want and can do without.
- (c) Something that is complementary to the male species.
- (d) Something inferior to the above.
- (e) Something superior to the above.

And so on.

Item, THE INTELLECT

- (a) Something that one uses and exercises for the acquisition of knowledge.
- (b) Something that we have more of than the lower animals as it is enhanced by reason.

Etc. consult any manual of psychology.

To put an end to all argument, I shall take definition (c) of woman and anything you like for the definition of intellect.

Thus, what is the relationship between intellectualism (what does any "ism" mean?) and the woman.

Some people shy at it.

Some people think women have no intellect.

Others say they haven't the right kind.

Or else that they ought not to use it.

Or the anarchist says what is the good of it anyway.

Ad nauseam.

Men do not like carrying on intellectual conversations with women. I have it on good authority (i.e. from a man) that a man would far rather go out with a man for the sake of his company, than with a woman for the sake of hers. The work of Mary Woolstonecraft and Emily Davies has been wasted evidently. Those are the words of the twentieth century.

Since human beings are gregarious by nature, and it is very dull saying nothing, they must have some means of inter-communication. So they speak and they write, as I am doing, or preferably, not as I am doing.

Thus, if women cannot carry on intellectual conversations with a man (exploit something they have got, that lower animals haven't) they must therefore talk to women. So we get back to our original title. As that noted gentleman T. S. Eliot said, "The end is where we start from." To resume, our original title was—Intellectualism and the Woman—let us propound some questions.

1. Do women make good scholars?
2. Does the life of intellectual study appeal more to them than washing out hubby's socks? (I said that this was going to sound like the best journealese.)
3. How many women would be intellectuals, if, unfortunately, they had not chosen something else to do which in any case prevented them?
4. How many women intellectuals have contributed anything at all to the propagation of knowledge in this world? (Feminists do *not* answer).

All this seems to be based on the hypothesis that had not Adam been constrained to give up one of his ribs, there would have been no woman, and these questions need not have arisen. There again, we are for the second time reduced to positive incoherence, as we are over most controversial questions of this type. Unfortunately, we do not earn our livings at it; other more fortunate persons do. (We'll send this to a reputed journal that I peruse daily in which I follow the adventures of Garth). By the way, that indicates something rather significant. Here, we are all supposed to be intellectual types; we represent "intellectualism and women."

Having proved (a) that women can't talk on intellectual topics with men (see above) and (b) that women aren't here anyway (as good a hypothesis as Planck's constant) and (c) that after all I prefer to read the Daily Mirror, and I'm supposed to be meant for better things, it seems that intellectualism and women (generically speaking) does not exist: intellectualism and women do not exist, which is a trifle awkward since I am supposed to be writing about them. Like Hume, I must admit that the world only exists in the imagination.

As they say where I come from, "Cor, what a bloomin' nightmare!"

A HUMAN FACE

By G. P. WEBB

"Isn't it always the little things that shape our lives and our futures? Isn't it always the sudden, unexpected incident, that alters our way of living? A sudden glance; the clasp of a hand; the memory of a child's face at Christmas-time: these are remembered when the more important happenings have been forgotten, and they lead us along the way we go.

A more striking instance of this I have never experienced personally, than the change such an unconnected incident caused in the character and life of Richard Stevens. I say unconnected, because he was not responsible for what happened; he was merely a spectator, an observer.

At the time, I knew of him only by his professional repute, and that was to his discredit. He was hard; he was unsympathetic; he pushed the world under his feet; he was the selfish egoist. I won't say that afterwards he took to going to church regularly on Sundays, or became an evangelist; but there was very little that he wouldn't do to help anyone, whether they were in need of money, advice, or sympathy. In our long weekend rambles together he often discussed himself; his old self, and his new self; and there can be no doubt that the memory of that face is still very vividly in his mind, and always will be.

It was a cold, freezing day in late January; just about the rush-hour. Stevens had taken the bus to the office, as the roads were in a slippery, treacherous condition, and he didn't want to risk using the car. He was going home in the same way, and feeling in a perverse and bad tempered mood. He hadn't managed to get a particular contract he was after, and in consequence he felt morose and self-pitying.

The bus was crowded, and having taken a seat, he gave himself up to dissatisfied reflections. The passengers couldn't see through the frosted windows, so they were forced to look awkwardly at each other, and the seats were so arranged that Stevens was face to face with a grey-haired woman with a shopping bag.

He was gazing unseeingly through the floor, when he felt her eyes upon him. He looked up; met her glance; and immediately felt extremely uncomfortable. Perhaps his thoughts had been in his face, perhaps not; but she read them, for in the clear grey eyes was a mixture of interest, of pity, and of sympathy.

She was evidently very tired, for presently she closed her eyes, and Stevens never saw them again. He watched her face as she dozed, and as he continued looking it seemed to grow, until it filled his whole field of vision, and everything else seemed blurred and indistinct. If she had been able to read his thoughts before, he seemed now, rather wonderfully, to be able to see the whole of her life in the lines of her face.

There were earthly lines inscribed by the daily toils of a wife, there were the starry lines delicately touched-in by beautiful thoughts, and a reaching upwards towards goodness. Here was written the sudden loneliness and despair after the death of parents; there the sudden delightful joy of first love. Clearly marked were the pains of illness, of longing, and of child birth; as clearly were the lines of hope and faith, in life, and in God. Upwards from the mouth swept the never-failing smile of comfort and help; from the corners of the eyes radiated sympathy, and a thousand little sacrifices, made that the family might live better. A face full of suffering and happiness; a face full of despair and hope: a beautiful face!

The shops of the suburbs began to appear, and Stevens bent down to pick up his briefcase. When he stood up, the woman had already gone to the platform of the bus; an undistinguished figure in brown and grey. The bus stop was round the corner; and Stevens assures me that even had he been behind her he couldn't have saved her. As the bus slowed down to turn the corner, she stepped off the platform, and slipped down on the frozen road. The oncoming lorry braked and skidded, but it was too close to behind avoid her.

Stevens didn't sleep for many nights after that accident. That anything so good could be destroyed so suddenly, seemed appalling. He looked at the contours of his own face in the mirror, and decided that he wasn't ready, wasn't worthy to die. The memory of her face resolved him to write what similar lines he could upon his own, that if he himself went suddenly he would not be unworthy."

ALBAN BERG

By C. R. J. LOUGHRAN

The immediate reaction of most people, even those of intelligence or learning, to this heading, will be, "What is it?" I suppose that if readers were faced with four questions in the form of a popular radio quiz, "What is (a) aris root, (b) obelisk, (c) ichthyosaurus, (d) alban berg?", many would qualify quite comfortable for ten shillings, but would fall down rather badly on the pound. The answer,—"some kind of Scandinavian township", would be creditable, but quite wide of the mark. Such lack of knowledge however, is justifiable, as people whose business it should be to spread such information themselves seem to need a considerable injection of enthusiasm. These people, professional musicians, gifted amateurs, keen radio listeners, advisers to gramophone companies, and all those who should value cultural dissemination, are unfortunately more inclined to worship Mammon or Tchaikovsky. A little less of these drugs and we might find genuine music-lovers exerting more effort and listening to the Third Programme. This is undoubtedly the most valuable experiment in the history of radio, and I am particularly grateful for it, as it has enabled me to establish a much closer acquaintance with my subject.

Almost the only previous knowledge I had of the music of Alban Ber (1855-1935), had been gleaned from encyclopedias and books of reference. Performances by radio during the last six years were limited to one broadcast each of the *Lyric Suite* and the *Violin Concerto* on records, and one actual performance of the *Piano Sonata*. On that occasion I was defeated by an antique battery set. The war years also yielded two performances of the *Three Fragments* from *Wozzeck*, both of which I was fortunate enough to hear and which provided the initial stimulus to discover more about this controversial music.

No one, not even the most rabid admirer, can deny that it is controversial, "difficult" music, in all senses of the term. Many people, by now, have become used to their Vaughan Williams, Bliss and Walton, in small doses. But this is English music, and English listeners are usually more ready to appreciate modern music of their own countrymen than "some foreigners' music." The greater number of performances received makes this possible, and this accounts also for the slowly growing interest in the music of such composers as Bartok, Prokofeff and Shostakovich. But the Atonalists, Schonberg, Webern Berg and their followers, receive little attention, so little that before the advent of the Third Programme, it is doubtful whether many people outside London had heard their work at all. Their only point of contact, generally, was an occasional concert report by a critic with stomach trouble. And so, listeners get few opportunities of becoming acquainted with these composers. For one reason, their technical difficulties severely restrict performances.

The Atonal System itself present the listener with his most formidable obstacle: the complicated scoring, the size and variety of the forces required, are the chief bugbears to orchestras and impressarios. This complexity, common to much modern music, therefore prevents both performance and appreciation. Some composers are most exorbitant:—one will demand a base-sarrusophone as an indispensable element in the complete realisation of his vision; another will insist on five distant choirs of old men's voices; and another will require a battery of coal-scuttles in the kitchen department. (This presents considerable difficulty as there are few good scuttle-players available today—it would appear to be a dying art.) I do not wish to go into atonal technicalities. For an explanation of the system the reader is referred to the several competent encyclopedias available. Sufficient here to say that the full resources of the chromatic scale are employed and that any pretence of key is dispensed with. The result, in the hands of a composer who has not completely master of his craft, is likely to be a ghastly row. However, even reactionary critics have acknowledged Berg as a composer of great skill. His material, unlike that of Schonberg or Webern, is usually interesting to play and rarely lapses into doctrinaire patterns. One exception at least, however, can be found in the recently broadcast *Chamber concerto for Piano, Violin and Thirteen Wind Instruments* (1924). In this, the most complicated mathematical and contrapuntal devices are employed. The first movement, a set of elaborate variations in sonata form, has the piano alone with wind ensemble; in the second movement, an adagio, the violin is soloist with wind ensemble; the third movement employs both instruments by the simple expedient (on paper) of playing the previous two movements together. This is a case where the composers devotion to his master

(the work was written in honour of Schonberg's fiftieth birthday) leads him beyond his own musical intuition and the bounds of the most receptive ear.

Yet despite this, Berg is most approachable of the Atonalists. Like Schonberg he has his roots in the German Romantic tradition, and though his innate lyricism is obscured during his experimental period, in the earliest works and those written after the first World War, (excluding the Chamber Concerto) it forces its way through to give his work an individual character that distinguishes it from the rest of the Viennese School. *The Seven early songs* (1907) make no demands on the listener's ear, being pleasantly romantic and bearing a curious harmonic likeness to some of the songs of Delius. Unfortunately, I missed the recent broadcast of the *Piano Sonata, op.1.* (1908). It is reputed to show great invention and originality of form. *The Lyric Suite* (1924-5) is now accepted an milestone in modern music and any opportunity of hearing it should be taken, for it is probably the easiest to follow of Berg's mature works. Here there are two warnings. Anybody expecting it to bear any affinity through definition, to *Grieg's Lyric Suite*, will be grievously disappointed: this is lyricism of a vastly different order. Secondly, it is cast in the medium of the String Quartet, and so comes under the heading of the Outcast—Chamber Music. To most admirers of their music, the small chamber works of the Atonalists seem to give most pleasure, and, probably because there are no complications with painstaking conductors, jigsaw scores, or unreasonable orchestral demands, they are easier to follow. However, like most modern music, it makes the customary heavy demands on the player's technique.

Berg's opera, *Wozzeck* (1914-22), since its first performance in Berlin in 1925, has become almost legendary; it is probably the only atonal composition to have achieved fame, having received by 1936, one hundred and sixty six performances in twenty nine cities. A broadcast concert performance was even given in England. A reliable report puts the number of rehearsals needed for this performance at over eighty, which is surely indicative both of its difficulties and, judging by the number of Continental performances, of its value. Bernard Shore describes it as "a magical work", and, from an orchestral player, this is indeed a tribute. Nowadays, the *Three Fragments for Soprano Solo and Orchestra* from this opera, are occasionally performed. The second movement contains an exhilarating satirical interlude in which a military band is heard marching by an open window.

The *Violin Concerto* (1935, dedicated "to the memory of an angel") his last work, was recently broadcast by Szigeti in a Contemporary Music programme. This third hearing confirmed my opinion that here is a concerto worthy to rank among the finest that the twentieth century has produced, with those of Elgar, Bartok, Bloch and Walton, for example. It is worthy of note by those music-lovers who stubbornly refuse to admit any redeeming feature to the moderns, that Berg greatly admired the music of Bach and in the third movement of this concerto, he has made use of one of Bach's chorales. The purists may object to Bach being associated with such nasty noises, but even Bach himself rarely produced more poignant music.

Berg, of course, being an extremist, is naturally neglected by the gramophone companies. Of his sixteen extant works, two only are recorded. Of these, the records of the *Lyric Suite* are occasionally broadcast, but are now deleted. The *Violin Concerto*, played by its sponsor Louis Krasner with the Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, is available, but only on American recordings. So, until the unlikely event of idealists getting into record production, we must be content with the Third Programme.

Christian Darnton has some useful advice to give to the intending listener—he should "try to put himself into a frame of mind where he is content to allow the pure beauty of sound to soak into him and flow round him" "Ultimately you either like it or you don't. If you don't, it does not matter to anyone, except in so far as you are the poorer for not being able for this or that reason, to appreciate one more thing." "The most one can say is that, if you are sufficiently interested, you should hear it!

Should you, by any chance, not feel up to the effort, you can always tune in to "Composers' Bandstand," on the Light Programme, where you will be able to drowse through Schubert's "Depleted" Symphony, or Handel's "Music for the Royal Waterworks." You would not be alone:—but *escapism is hardly a worthy substitute for idealism.*

TOWARDS INTERNATIONAL UNDERSTANDING

By W. G. ATKINSON

"When will the United Nations unite?" ask the cynics. It would be more constructive if each would ask himself, "What can I do to help *make* them more united?" For the course of human history is determined by the sum total of the actions of individuals—some play a large part, others a small one, but none can escape responsibility altogether. Events do not just happen of their own accord.

When a missionary goes to a foreign land and wants to make friends with the people among whom he is going to live, the first thing he does is to learn their language. If he is not prepared to do that, he might just as well pack up and go home.

It would seem reasonable then to argue that the peoples of different countries would find it much easier to be friends if they could speak one another's language. It is however manifestly impossible for everyone to learn everyone else's language—for there are literally hundreds of different languages in use today. Most of us find it hard enough to learn even one foreign language. The only practicable solution is for all to agree on some *one* language.

Why not English? If we could only persuade those wretched foreigners to speak English, all would be well (and incidentally it would save us the trouble of learning the international language). If they say it is too difficult we still have another card up our sleeves—Basic English, with only 850 words to learn. You can write them on a post-card (if you write small enough). Of course we would be allowed to bring in a few extra words, because it would be rather tiresome to have to limit ourselves to 850 words when the whole English language is at our disposal.

This sort of "reasoning" is unfortunately only too common among speakers of English who are not really internationally minded, and who want an excuse for their own inaction. They often fail to realise that for Basic English to be of any use as an international auxiliary language they too would have to learn it. It is difficult to imagine Winston Churchill, for instance, making a speech in Basic English. Even Mr. J. A. Richards, who helped to invent the system, has to confess that a demonstration speech, to prove that one *can* say it in Basic, "is and feels like a tour de force."

The only international auxiliary language which has successfully stood the test of practical use is Esperanto—the language constructed for this specific function by Dr. Zamenhof of Warsaw. Owing to the fact that it is a constructed language, devised by the conscious ingenuity of a very able mind, it possesses many remarkable characteristics. It is regular in construction and spelling, easy to pronounce, pleasing in sound, logical, expressive and unambiguous. Experience shows that it can be learnt in about an eighth of the time required to learn a normal language. The vocabulary is drawn from the European language as a whole and not from any one, so that it does not offend national sentiment.

Many people are prejudiced against Esperanto because it has been called an "artificial" language. The description is somewhat misleading. Almost every word in the language is derived from the common of European roots, with as little change as possible. Every feature in the grammar and construction of the language has its counterpart in some existing language. The difference is that whereas in the "natural" languages such features are used spasmodically and irregularly, in Esperanto they are pruned of all irrationalities and used systematically. For example, a characteristic of Esperanto is the frequent use of prefixes and suffixes. This device is also used in English, but although the feminine of actor is "actress", no foreigner could guess that the feminine of "dog" is "bitch". In Esperanto he could apply the appropriate suffix with complete confidence (aktoro, aktorino; hundo, hundino).

This is not to deny the element of conscious planning or "artifice" in Esperanto. But to disparage it on that account is to make the unwarranted assumption that what comes about haphazardly by trial and error is necessarily better than what man can devise by hard thinking. We do not refuse to make use of the shorthand alphabet on the grounds that it is "artificial". On the other hand, it does not seem likely to supersede the traditional alphabet for ordinary purposes. It is a specialised form of writing, designed by conscious human intelligence for the particular purpose of speed in writing. Esperanto is a similar device, designed for the special purpose of providing a medium for international communications. It does not seek to supplant the national language for domestic use.

Sixty years ago one might well have expressed doubts as to whether the mind of man had developed sufficiently to enable him to undertake the immense task of deliberately creating another language. The evidence of the successful use of Esperanto, during the sixty years since its publication is however sufficient to convince anyone who cares to examine it, that not only does the language work, but it works remarkably well. Any doubts which may legitimately expressed, refer not to the practicability of Esperanto as an international language but to the question of whether mankind will have the wisdom to make use of it.

LUST

By F. WILSON

then her immobile robot lover
opened and shut his steel gloves over her soul,
being invulnerable. And her eyes' modesty
fluttering dovewise wing over downcast wing
fled his caresses into her self's dark forest

How can i mitigate how admit her ?
i whom the leaves cried out for like frightened children
i within the forest now, scrutinizing
through the embittered branches through the tallness
of trees' indecipherable gloom, i searching
for the high pity of timorous white wings.

but now his cold metallic clasp
sinks in her arm and the flesh glows dully
with his grip's imprint, blue and swollen rings.

SOCIALISM AND SOCIETY

By B. WARRIOR

As this is a literary magazine, I feel that an apology is due in offering a political article and continuing the Socialism versus Capitalism controversy. However, the offensive started from the right in this case and a reaction from the left is natural enough.

It is a favourite pastime of the non-socialists to describe what they believe to be socialism, and then use their own definition as an Aunt Sally. Without wishing to be rude at the expense of the Roman Catholic Church, a classic example of this is the Papal decrees against beliefs which socialists would be surprised to learn are theirs. The main driving force in socialism, apart from the actual creeds, lies in a deep dislike of social injustice. To dismiss this as indiscriminating sympathy is to ignore a very vital force in any society. Most social changes resulting in a shift in the balance of classes within the state have been accompanied by some sense of injustice. It is the emotional dynamic behind any of the essentially progressive large-scale social changes.

To state categorically that there must always be classes is quite as wild an assumption as that there will automatically be none in communist society. Briefly, the socialist, more particularly the Marxist, contention is that classes are an indication of conflicting economic interests, and any interpretation of history which ignores that will certainly be very superficial. Classes do not exist independently of economic circumstances, and the socialist claim is that the virtual removal of economic exploitation of one section of the community by another will tend to remove the "raison d'être" of classes. The interests of technicians and managers and industrial workers, and so on, are not mutually antagonistic.

Socialist criticism that capitalism does not produce in its full capacity is still perfectly valid. It is farcical to argue that competition will eliminate unprofitable production, in the light of the increase of monopolies and calls for state support and tariffs. Inefficiency in some of our most vital industries, I need only mention steel, coal and farming, is widely recognised. What would their losses have been without monopolies to control markets and state support ?

Nor are state enterprises necessarily the biggest wasters of man-power and material. In the one example where I can speak with any experience, the British public Air-line Corporations are a good deal less wasteful of man-power and material than many European and most American private air-line companies, and have an unrivalled record of safety and operational efficiency.

The claim that freedom, particularly economic freedom, will be endangered is, like so many predicted developments in society, unverifiable. The Communist claim that pure freedom is only to be found under pure Communism, "each to receive according to his needs," is just as valid on such a basis. Among other things, Hajek sees in the move towards conscious direction of social resources a reversion "from the individualist tradition which has created European civilisation." Leaving aside the consideration that there is a tendency to identify individualism with capitalism, such a statement shows a lamentable lack of historical sense. Probably a stronger case could be made for the view that the cradle of European civilisation was feudalism. A comment by Professor Pollard that a government is a compromise between two tendencies, one authority, one freedom, and to push either to its logical conclusion leads either to slavery or anarchy, is a truism, but its implications are not always realised. Freedom is at any time, to a large extent, conditional. The nineteenth-century conception of it as freedom from all, except moral, restraint, that the government's only duties are to keep public peace and to protect private property, would not, I think, be entertained seriously to-day. Food rationing may be a personal restriction, but to allow limited supplies to be disposed of on a free market would in effect introduce a rationing system by wealth, and result in considerable social discontent and disturbance. The individual is not an entity. Socialists do not exalt the community, but they do not place the individual before the community. We are dependent in almost every department of life on the actions of other people. The present shortages are an unpleasant and sharp reminder of this.

Basically, freedom is freedom of association; of expression from arbitrary arrest and political suffrage and little more. That freedom, without a certain minimum of economic power, is a hollow asset. To an unfair extent freedom of personal action in careers and leisure can be commanded by money power. People of labouring classes, more particularly the children, have extraordinarily little choice in determining what they are going to do with their lives. So often it is a case of "grabbing what is going and being damn thankful for it." The freedom to choose employment under capitalism is largely a myth. Capitalism's incentives are largely coercive, fear of the "sack," with the prospect of unemployment. By implication there will always have to be unemployment so that the others can be kept in hand. An inspiring and exalted social philosophy.

"Under socialism a worker can be secure if he satisfies his superiors and political leaders." This condition applies equally to capitalism. Presumably he will always have to show technical efficiency, but I would like to say that victimisation of socialists was by no means an uncommon thing. If any men were to be "stood off" they (and particularly Communists) were the first to go, as many militant Trade Unionists well know. Also, until very recently, professed socialism was a handicap in many professions. Political impartiality is not a feature of capitalist employers.

To claim that Russia has no unemployment because there is a low standard of living is irrelevant. Standards of living are undoubtedly lower in the U.S.S.R. than in the highly industrialised west, but only by a falsification of history can it be asserted that this is due to an implicit low productivity of socialism. Low though it might be, it is infinitely higher than before 1917 and that, in spite of the concentration of the main effort on the building of basic heavy industries, a truly immense achievement.

The whole point is, it is on the industrial working class that the future of this country depends. Some form of control is more or less inevitable, even the conservatives' main claim is that the control is, at the moment, inefficient. What form is the control to take? The suggestion that control, and possibly labour direction, should be the work of the state, leaving property in private hands, smacks too much of fascism to be popular with any sections of organised labour. Some form of labour direction will be more acceptable in conjunction with public ownership—the days of coercion are gone. Anyone imagining a tame acceptance of pre-1939 conditions of unemployment and low wages is making a fundamental mistake in assessing the mood of the working classes. There is a great legacy of bitterness, particularly in the mining communities. In fact, there have been surprisingly few strikes in the circumstances. A remarkable increase in individual coal output is a response to national ownership. Without

it we would undoubtedly have experienced a wave of paralysing strikes on the same lines as those of 1920, 1921 and 1926.

Straightforward labour direction will be resisted. The essential factor is to widen the limited 'anti-employer' policies of unions. Shortage of labour and the present impossibility of increasing real wages means that official union policy is a tendency to restrain demands for wage increase. Capitalist discipline has broken down, anyway. Increased production must be achieved, and this will not be done by exhortation by employers, they have been doing it too long and not always disinterestedly. Effective appeal can only be made in the workshop itself. The only practicable method of discipline that remains must come from the workers themselves, to draw them more into the business of running industry themselves and being made to feel responsible for their own industry. Industrial workers cannot take over managerial posts themselves, nor would they want to, but they do know a great deal about their own jobs and the best way of organising them individually and in group work. This vast fund of experience and knowledge could be utilised. It has been proved over and over again that men in every walk of life react favourably if given a greater voice in conduct of their immediate affairs and made to feel the immediate importance of their work, particularly if they feel that it is in the general interest, and not merely to line someone else's pocket. How could this be achieved? By extended systems such Joint Production Committees connected with shop stewards and shop committees in all establishments and by re-casting Trade Union structure to base it more on the shop stewards and factory groups.

It is in the comparative failure to exploit the potentialities of organised labour embodied in local groups that I, as Socialist, think that the present Government deserves criticism. Its great difficulty is to avoid transferring the widespread hostility towards capitalist employers to the Government. Workers must be drawn more into the running of industry.

To talk of restoring discipline by creating a labour surplus is academic nonsense in times of labour scarcity and the universal insistence that such a state of affairs will not again be tolerated. The common herd is a good deal more self-assertive than ever before. Direction of labour, a certain amount of which may prove to be necessary, without direction and public ownership of capital is a highly dangerous policy and will be fiercely resisted. In the one industry that has been nationalised and which retains a certain amount of control of labour, the response to nationalisation has been most encouraging. A little more intelligent persuasion and a little less coercion of the lower orders, please!

Perhaps Von Mises does see capitalism as the only possible workable economic system. I have no doubt that the mediaeval baron in his castle thought that of his feudalism.

NOTICE.

The Editor wishes gratefully to acknowledge the receipt of Magazines etc., from other Colleges and Universities, during the current session.

